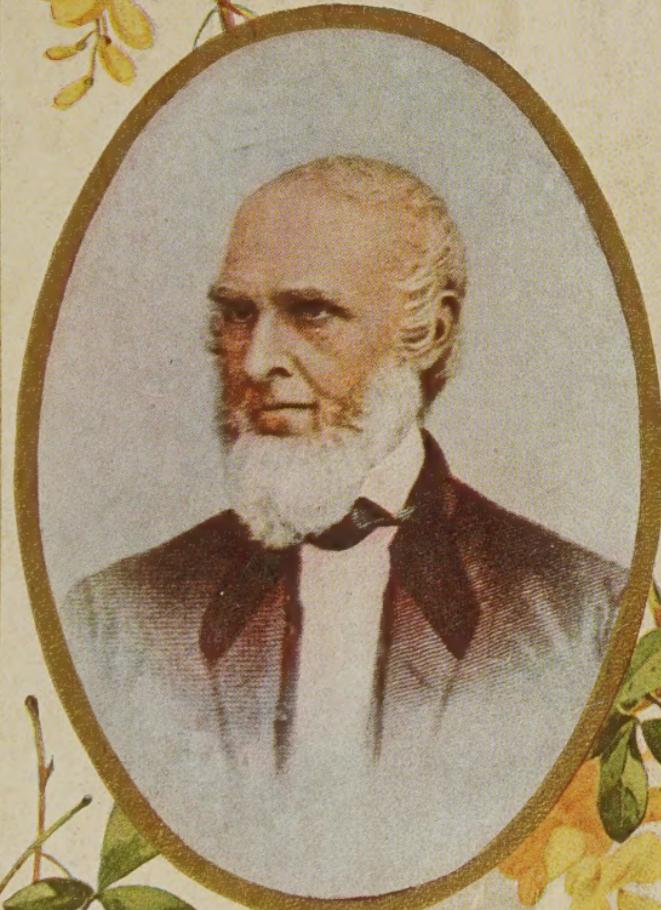
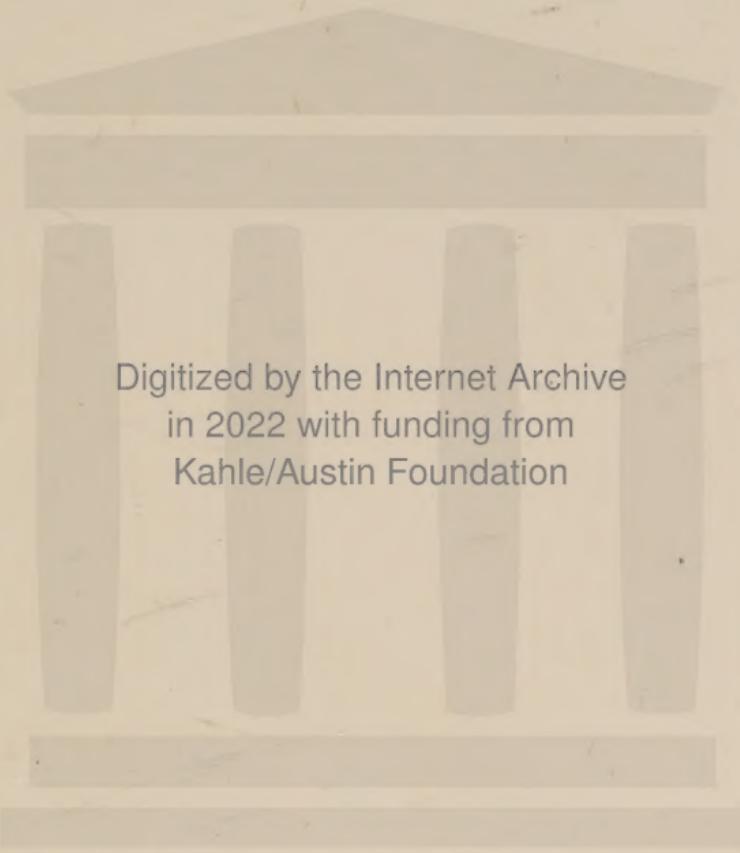


Greetings
from
Whittier





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GREETINGS
FROM
WIFFIER

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NEW YORK

The Angel of Patience

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear up, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

The wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God
more plain,



As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

All's Well

And thus, oh Prophet-bard of old,
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!
The same which earth's unwelcome seers
Have felt in all succeeding years.
Sport of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard nor understood,
Their song has seemed a trick of art,
Their warnings but the actor's part.
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
The garments of the flesh put on!
Men followed where the Highest led
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Owned not the God-like power of Him.
Vain as a dreamer's words to them
His wail above Jerusalem,
And meaningless the watch He kept
Through which His weak disciples slept.

Ezekiel



Palestine

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of
song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-
like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores
of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is
with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that
shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered
before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of
God.

Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent
here;

And the voice of Thy love is the same
even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory
and power,

The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost
flame

On the heart's secret altar is burning the
same!



Oh Holy Father—Just and True.

O Holy Father!—just and true
Are all Thy works and words and ways,
And unto Thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye—we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,
The sighing of the island slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.
The laborer sits beneath his vine,
The shackled soul and hand are free—
Thanksgiving!—for the work is Thine!
Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here—
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's
prayer!

Praise!—for the pride of man is low,
The counsels of the wise are naught,
The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy
wrought?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is
riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven,
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with Thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore.



Still, to earnest souls, the sun
Rests on towered Gideon,
And the moon of Ajalon

Lights the battle-grounds of life;
To his aid the strong reverses,
Hidden powers and giant forces,
And the high stars in their courses
Mingle in his strife!

Bridal of Pennacook

God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure,
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

Calef in Boston, 1692.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all.

Dream of Summer



The Yankee Girl.

She sings at her wheel, at that low
cottage-door,

Which the long evening shadow is stretch-
ing before,

With a music as sweet as the music which
seems

Breathed softly and faint in the ear of
our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of
her eye,

Like a star glancing out from the blue
of the sky!

And lightly and freely her dark tresses
play

O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as
they!



Maud Muller

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door
But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with tender grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney log
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug

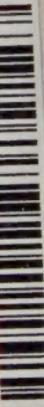
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."



Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have
been!"

Maud Muller



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